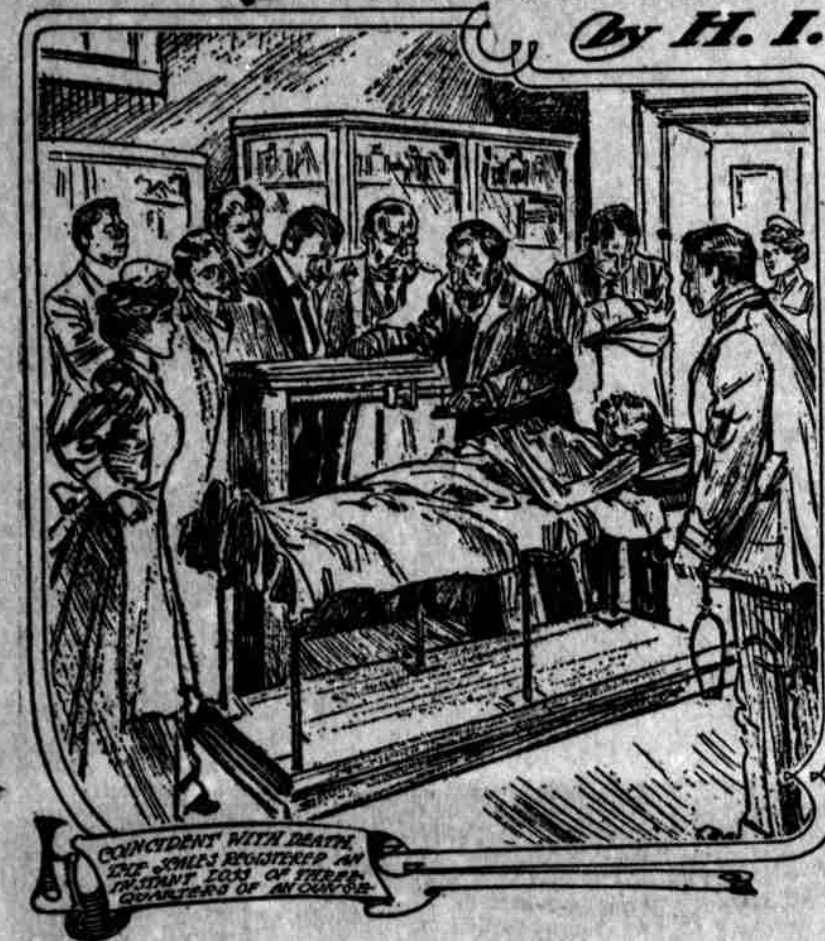


The Search for the Soul

By H. I. McMAHON



COINCIDENT WITH DEATH
THE SCIENTIST'S SEARCH FOR THE SOUL

THE mystery of life! Will science ever solve that riddle? Will it find "The Sphinx" in Emerson's famous poem who bade the eager questioner behold himself, the answer and the question, too? Incredible as it may seem, scientists are even now doing that very thing. In the near future you and I should be prepared to hear them announce most fearfully and sentimentally the rediscovery of the human soul.

Here and there, in hospital laboratories widely scattered, men of science are groping into the mystery. Like the medieval scientists who lived in dread of the ban of Mother Church, they are mostly working secretly and are not telling half they know. For science, that marvelous machine of modern progress, has its church, too, as it were, its orthodoxy and its heresy, its hierarchy of established rules who excommunicate and set auto-da-fes for expounders of heresies.

So far the evidence these bold investigators have unearthed is chiefly negative, yet nevertheless highly significant. In the first place, one of them found that physical death is accompanied by a sudden loss of bodily weight varying from three-quarters of an ounce to nearly an ounce and a quarter. Some curious experiments of this kind were made by Dr. Duncan MacDougall, of Haverhill, Mass.

His first subject was a man dying of tuberculosis. He selected a patient dying from this disease because so great an exhaustion characterizes its final stages that death occurs with little or no muscular movement. With a patient quiet, the beam of the scales can be kept true and any loss occurring will be evidenced.

In this experiment the patient was lying on a bed arranged on a light framework which was built on very delicately balanced platform scales. He was under observation three hours and forty minutes before death. He lost weight slowly at the rate of an ounce an hour, due to the evaporation of breath moisture and perspiration.

Keenly the physician watched the fading hours and minutes of the almost spent life. And then—suddenly, coincident with death—the beam end of the scales dropped with an audible stroke, hitting against the lower bar and remaining there with no rebound. The scales registered an instant loss of three-quarters of an ounce.

What had gone? It could not have been evaporation of sweat, he decided, for that had slowly left the body at the rate of a tiny fraction of an ounce a minute, whereas the sudden loss at death had been many times as great. It could not have been, further tests satisfied the doctor, the air in the lungs. Dr. MacDougall was startled at the weird phenomenon. Something immaterial, yet evidently forceful and of weight, had departed with the life. What in the world was it?

The physician repeated his experiments in the last hours of various other tuberculosis patients. Always at the supreme moment the stroke of the beam came down with an audible report, and each time the scales told the loss of about an ounce. Could this thing that so suddenly departed be possibly viewed in its upward flight?

Seized with a new hope, the experimenter devised a clear white light to rest along the body of the subject in the dying hour. In other cases he covered the bodies with the rainbow

allel to Doctor MacDougall's Haverhill experiments, and suggests once more with awesome effect that death may not be merely a cessation of bodily forces, but that it involves the departure from this house of clay of a mysterious visitor.

Like MacDougall, the Chicago physician watched the last moments of a dying man. To his practiced eye the aura of the sufferer, a patient in Mercy hospital, was plainly outlined with its dark etheric double and its inner and outer bands of light.

For half an hour or so O'Donnell kept his vigil. The interne in charge of the case finally announced that the patient was sinking. "I kept my eyes fastened on the patient," says O'Donnell, in his account of the weird experience. "Suddenly the aura began to spread away from the body, then it disappeared! At that instant the house physician announced that the patient was dead. What force produces the aura we cannot say just yet. Every living person has one. It is gone the instant death comes."

This inquisitive Chicago doctor has no mind to be made a scientific martyr by announcing soul-heresies, but he is firm in stating his belief that the aura, so evident in life and not so ghostlike in death, is not the resultant of mere bodily magnetism or electrical force. He believes he has discovered the visible effect of some as yet unknown human force, differing widely from the play of electricity or magnetism, and separated as if by a gulf from the chemical and mechanical reactions of the body. In a word, it is inseparable from life, for when life goes the aura goes also. As to whether it be the physical side or aspect of the soul, he refuses to express his private view for publication.

Over in France they are more outspoken, and they are telling of marvelous photographic camera has witnessed and recorded which as yet have been denied to the direct vision of the unaided eye. Consider the experiments of Doctor Baraduc, a well-known savant, concerning the light phenomena above and around the bodies of the dead.

Doctor Baraduc is a psychic as well as a scientist of repute. Between himself and his son Andre a strong bond of affection existed. Frequently each had remarkable telepathic experiences with the other, and both were interested in the study of the soul. When in 1907 Andre died, his father took a photograph of the coffin after the boy had been dead nine hours.

When the plate was developed it was discovered that emanating from the body in the coffin was a formless, misty, wavelike mass, radiating in all directions, with considerable force, touching the bodies of those who came in close proximity to the coffin, as if attracted to them by some magnetic force. On one occasion the force of contact with this mass was so great that Doctor Baraduc received an electric shock from head to foot, which produced a temporary dizziness.

The savant's interest was so aroused after his photograph was taken that he attempted more conclusive experiments immediately upon the death of his wife, who died six months after her son. He set a camera at the bedside and at the moment of her death he photographed the body and shortly after developed the plate. On it were found three luminous globes resting a few inches above the body by fine luminous threads.

Ensuing photographs showed that these gradually condensed and became more brilliant. Streaks of light like fine threads were also seen darting hither and thither. A photograph taken 15 minutes after the death of his wife showed Doctor Baraduc that fluid cords had developed partly encircling the globes of light.

An hour after her death a photograph then taken showed the condensed globe which obscured the head of Mme. Baraduc. Cords appeared in the shape of a figure eight, closed at the top and opened at the point nearest the body. Finally, three hours and a half after death, a well formed globe rested above the body, apparently held together by the encircling luminous cords, which seemed to guide and control it. At last the cords snapped one by one and the globe floated away and vanished.

Are these weird and gruesome luminous phenomena connected with the departure of the aura? And can the aura be the physical manifestation of the soul? These are two questions that need to be authoritatively answered one way or the other, and the experimenters will not rest till the answers are found.

Cured of Flirting.
"What cured him of flirting?"
"He started a flirtation with a lady who turned out to be selling an encyclopedia at \$40 a set."—London Opinion.

Margaret's Wedding Veil

By MARTHA McCULLOCH-WILLIAMS

"Such a mess!" Margaret sighed. "But I'll have to wear it all summer! Oh, dear! Why must one be so poor? If I only had any way to do it, I'd work my fingers off to get something better."

She was looking at her new frock in the mirror she had set on the floor. The skirt sagged outrageously, most where it should have hung level. Being of sleazy stuff, and ill cut, there was no help for the sagging. Margaret hated sleazy stuff—the simplest firm cotton would have pleased her much better than this bargain counter affair. Mrs. Lane, her stepmother, was of a different mind. Her idea of elegance was bounded north, south, east and west by frilly and trimmings.

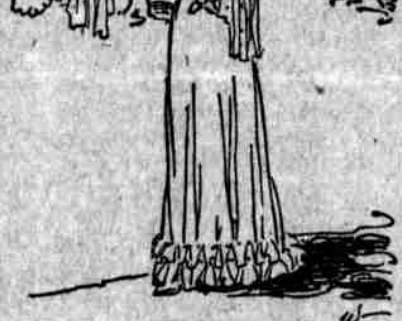
"Now, I call that real tasty!" she said, thrusting her head inside the chamber door. "Blue, with white stripes—and you can't deny it becomes you. What if it does hang pretty long behind—you've got as much right to wear trail-frocks as anybody."

"Quite as much," Margaret assented. The worst of it was—she could not speak truth. Mrs. Lane was so honestly pleased with her joint handiwork, had put so much heart and kindness into the choice and making of the dress, it would be brutal to tell her how she hated it. Still—there are limits to endurance. Margaret reached them when Mrs. Lane suggested putting a tucker of blue-sprigged muslin inside the square-cut neck.

"I'll wait till I can get plain bobbinet," she said. Mrs. Lane hung up her hands. "You know how the hens are slackin' up in their layin'," she said. "We won't have three dozen eggs for Joe Davis this week. And that sugar's low, and tea, next to nothing—and if you don't fix the neck of your new frock, you can't wear it to the picnic!"

"I don't care about going—not much," Margaret said, still dully—but there was a wistful undertone.

Mrs. Lane caught it, though Margaret meant she should not. But she



Looked at the Veil Hungrily.

said nothing, only turned and walked out on the back porch, her mind running thus:

"I'll go without tea—surely I can do it one week—and let the child have what she wants. Joe Davis'll maybe advance me half a dollar—he knows I never forget to pay. Margaret shall have the net—since she's so set on it. Patience knows the lawn's a heap prettier—but girls are all alike—just plumb crazy to be in the fashion—and all the others have necks."

Still revolving her plan, she scuttled away bareheaded and came presently to Joe Davis' general store. "Sure! You can have what you want—half dollar! Don't you name no good thing! Help yourself. I know a good customer when I see her," Joe said genially, when with some faltering she had made known her wishes.

Disappointment waited on them. There was not a bit of net, or anything approaching it, in stock. Joe was genuinely sympathetic; if only he had known sooner!

Silent herself, she turned homeward. Half way there a gusty, whiffy wind blew something soft and light directly in her face. It was creamy white, and wonderfully flowered and sprigged all over—a lace veil, real rose point, though she did not know it. The tricky wind had snatched it out of a window up at the Gore house. It was the great house of the village, and that day held a visitor to whom rose point was a commonplace.

Mrs. Lane looked at the veil hungrily, sniffed the delicate scent it ex-

haled, her mouth grew firm—she had found the thing—finding meant keeping. But Margaret would not think so—she would be all for hunting up the owner, never thinking of her own need. She should not do it. Mrs. Lane had her own dull ambitions. She loved her husband's daughter all the better now that he was dead. Margaret should go to the picnic—Jimmy Traynor would be there. Jimmy was a sort of cousin, and highly desirable in Mrs. Lane's eyes. If only he could see Margaret at her best, it might mean a great deal. If he did not see her, it was unlikely he would come looking for her at home—and that baggage Dora Carter would be sure to make much of him.

"Joe hadn't no bobbinet, but he sold me this veil dirt cheap—only 50 cents—and waits for the money," Mrs. Lane said as she flung the veil in Margaret's lap.

Margaret gave a little cry. She was no more lace-wise than her elder, but she knew beauty anywhere—the cobweb traceries, the delicate floriation, as fine as frost-lace, filled her with joy.

"You're real good to me, mother," she said, looking up, dewy-eyed. "But it don't seem right to go in debt for anything we can do without. It don't seem right, either, to cut and slash this," touching the lace tenderly. "I wonder how Joe ever came to buy it. I never saw it in the show-case."

"You are the best of all," Mrs. Lane said fretfully. "Here I been trompin' bareheaded in the sun to get what you want, and you ain't satisfied!"

"I'm too satisfied; the veil is too pretty," Margaret cried, getting up and enveloping her throat in the fine fabric.

When she started to the picnic next morning she was almost happy. Blue was certainly her color; this blue matched her eyes. She would not look down at the tazy ruffled skirt—rather she held up her head so the lace at her throat might show its full beauty. She had put in lace sleeves, too—the veil was long and ample. And still there remained a lot of it, enough for covering her frowsy pink hat as soon as she had time to do it. And just at the gate she ran upon Jimmy Traynor, coming to escort her to the picnic grounds. He gave a satisfied whistle at sight of her and said:

"Peggy, I shall have the swaggiest girl of anybody. You look good enough to eat, but don't you be afraid!"

"I shan't be," Margaret laughed.

Her holiday mood ran unchecked until dinner time. Jimmy stuck by her, and such is the force of example, three other young fellows who otherwise would have no more than nodded to her, had made a great pretense of hanging round the pair.

Miss Alida Venn came to the picnic in anything but holiday mood. She had been angry over coming to the Gores—they were rich and childless, therefore to be condescended. But they need not have dragged her out among their villagers!

If she had not been in such a temper she might not have gone to extremes. At sight of Margaret—so innocently fine and vain, in her rose point—she gave a little gasp and clutched Mrs. Gore's arm, crying:

"I knew it was stolen—my veil! But you insisted there wasn't thief in all your precious village!"

"Alida, hush!" Mrs. Gore said in an imperative whisper. But Miss Venn had darted from her, caught Margaret by both shoulders and was shaking her hard as she cried:

"How dared you ruin it? My veil! You know you stole it!"

"Excuse me, ma'am—but you know that's no such thing," Jimmy Raynor interrupted, breaking her clutch on Margaret who was white as death. She put her hand to her throat, as though asking something of the lace. Intuitively she sensed her stepmother's pious subterfuge. "I did not steal your lace—and I am sorry to have cut it," she said tremulously. "We—I—found it. You can have it all back."

"Found it! A 'fely story," Miss Venn began.

Raynor stepped before Margaret. "If you've got any men-folks, I'd like to talk with them," he said.

Miss Venn shook her head. "Listen, I'll pay for your veil! What did it cost?"

"Only \$300—for a cheap thing, you know," Miss Venn flung at him, malicefully.

Margaret shuddered, but Jimmy smiled.

"I'll send you a check in the morning—Judge Gore will tell you it's good," he said. He turned to Margaret. "And you, Peggy, can maybe fix the thing so it'll do for a wedding veil."

HAUNTING DREAD OF SEA CAPTAINS



DANGEROUSLY FEAR AN ICEBERG

I needed no such mishap as befall the Anchor liner Columbia while ago to emphasize the danger that lurks in the huge masses of polar ice which, enveloped in fog banks, drift in summer across the northern transatlantic lanes. In the open season for icebergs, as every steamship approaches the Newfoundland banks the vigilance of the watch on deck is redoubled. When the fog blanket is laid across the sea, speed is reduced and whistle blasts awaken the wastes; when a sudden lowering of temperature presages ice in close proximity, the throbs of the engines cease at intervals and you may hear the calls of lookouts and the answers from the bridge. These are trying moments of anxiety, for no one has yet devised an instrument that will penetrate a blinding cloud of sea mist. Navigators must keep control of their vessels and trust to their own good judgment.

The veterans of the north Atlantic lanes are thoroughly familiar with the signs that indicate ice. Long before the berg is seen from deck, its "blink," or reflection, may be noted in the sky and the navigator can easily fix its direction by watching the changing color of the horizon, which is usually much paler in the vicinity of ice. Or a clear day bergs can be seen a long distance away; at night their effulgence proclaims them. In the fog, if a berg is visible at all, it will look black in comparison with the mist around it, but usually it is completely hidden.

One of the dramatic features of the Columbia's accident was the echo of her whistle against the berg she struck. When the first blast sounded and an answer came back, the men on the bridge were inclined to think they were near another fog-bound steamskip; but when the second whistle was answered promptly they realized that it was the mockery of the ice wall ahead. Seamen have long known that it is possible to detect bergs by the echo of the whistle or foghorn and that by noting the time between whistle blast and echo, the distance of the object may be found approximately by multiplying by 550. Seals Tell a Tale, Too.

Another indication of icebergs is the crack and thunder of falling boulders, while the absence of swell or wave motion carries its meaning, too. Still another is the appearance of seals or flocks of birds far from land. The temperature of the ocean sometimes is lowered when ice is near by, and there is, of course, the chilly breath that strikes the face when ice is almost aboard.

Peculiar conditions near Newfoundland are responsible for the fog banks that sweep over the transatlantic lanes. Here are two currents, the Labrador, cold and moving south from the arctic, and the gulf stream, warm and flowing northward from tropical seas. When south winds pass over the gulf stream and encounter the Labrador current they are chilled and reduced to the dew point, thus producing fog. Among the dolling banks drift craggy bergs, field ice and "growlers," or little lumps that accompany the greater masses.

The bergs usually originate in western Greenland. Everywhere, according to a bulletin of the hydrographic office, Greenland's mountainous belt "is penetrated by deep fords, which reach to the inland ice, and are terminated by the perpendicular fronts of huge glaciers, while in some places the ice comes down in broad projections close to the margin of the sea. All of these glaciers are making their way toward the sea, and, as their ends are forced out into the water, they are broken off and set adrift as bergs. This process is called calving. The size of the pieces set adrift varies greatly, but a berg from sixty to 100 feet to the top of its walls, whose spires or pinnacles may reach from 200 to 250 feet in height, and whose length may be from 300 to 500 yards, is considered to be of ordinary size in the arctic.

"These measurements apply to the part above water, which is about one-eighth or one-ninth of the whole mass. Many authorities give the depth under water as being from eight to nine times the height above; this is incorrect, as measurements above and below water should be referred to mass and not to height. It is even possible to have a berg as high out of water as it is deep below the surface, for if we imagine a large, solid lump of any regular shape, which has a small sharp high pinnacle in the center, the height above water can easily be equal to the depth below. An authentic case on record is that of a berg, grounded in the Strait of Belle Isle in sixteen fathoms of water that had a thin spire about 100 feet in height.

Thousands Set Adrift.
"Bergs are made all the year round, but in greater numbers during the summer season; and thousands are set adrift each year. Once adrift in

the arctic, they find their way into the Labrador current and begin their journey to the southward. It is not an unobstructed drift, but one attended with many stoppages and mishaps. Many ground in the arctic basin and break up there; others reach the shores of Labrador, where from one end to the other they continually ground and float; some break up and disappear entirely, while others get safely past and reach the Grand bank. The whole coast of Labrador is cut up by numerous islands, bays and headlands, shoals and reefs, which makes the journey of all drift a long one, and adds greatly to the destruction of the bergs by stoppages and by causing them to break up.

"It is the greatly increased surface which the fragments expose to the melting action of the oceanic waters that accounts for the rapid disappearance of the ice after it has reached the northern edge of the warm circulatory drift currents of the north Atlantic ocean. If these processes of integration did not go on and large bergs should remain intact several years might elapse before they would melt and they would ever be present in the trans-oceanic routes. In fact, instances are on record in which masses of ice, escaping the influence of swift destruction or possessing a capability for resisting them, have, by phenomenal drifts, passed into European water and been encountered from time to time throughout that portion of the ocean which stretches from the British Isles to the Azores.

"They assume the greatest variety of shapes, from those approximating to some regular geometric figure to others crowned with spires, domes, minarets and peaks, while others still are pierced by deep indentations or caves. Small catenae precipitate themselves from the large bergs, while from many icebergs hang clusters from every projecting edge. They frequently have outlying spurs under water, which are as dangerous as any other sunken reefs. For this reason it is advisable for vessels to give them a wide berth, for there are a number of cases on record where vessels were seriously damaged by striking when apparently clear of the berg. It is generally best for vessels to go to windward of them, because the disintegrated fragments will have a tendency to drift to leeward, while open water will be found to windward. Serious injury has occurred to vessels through the breaking up or capsizing of icebergs."

Collisions Have Decreased.
A few years ago collisions of steamships with icebergs were reported frequently. That such accidents have diminished is due not to a decrease in the number of bergs—they are plentiful as ever—but to the remarkable development of the science of hydrography. The wireless also plays an important role in relaying from ship to ship information regarding obstructions of all types, whether they be fugitive buoys, derelicts, floating spars or dangerous bergs hanging on the wall of the hydrographic office in New York is a pilot chart, with red symbols marking the positions of bergs and other obstructions as last reported. Nearly every day the office is visited by shipmasters and junior officers, who either bring reports of drifting objects they have seen or seek the latest news from the transatlantic lanes. They examine the charts, copy the daily memorandum of obstructions issued by the Washington office, as well as the daily log of the Maritime Exchange, and receive the weekly hydrographic bulletin, which tells all about drifting objects and gives other facts of interest to seamen. All of this information is given without charge and the office has no secrets. Its object is to aid the men who are responsible for the safety of valuable ships and thousands of passengers.

As a consequence, a liner's master, when he leaves port, knows approximately what he is likely to encounter on his voyage. He is more than likely to add to his stock of information through wireless conversation with old friends of the high seas. His chief concern is fog, icebergs, unless they are submerged, are not regarded with awe, except in foggy weather, for rarely does a ship strike one when the atmosphere is clear. The record of collisions with ice proves the truth of this statement.

Awful.
Mrs. Blase—Who was this man Washington, anyway?

Mrs. Highupp—Some horridly un-American person, I guess. They say he actually advised against our making any foreign alliance.—Puck.

A scowling look is altogether unnatural; when it is often assumed, the result is that all comeliness dies away, and at last is so completely extinguished that it cannot be again lighted up at all.—Marcus Aurelius.

As You Go.

"Clear up as you go" is an excellent text to work by—a parallel to "Never put off till tomorrow." &c.—and one that many a mother would do well to keep over before her and live up to. It is the putting-off habit that leads to accumulations, to hurry, and, consequently, to badly done work. If clothes need repairing, let them be repaired at once; if things are out of their proper places, put them back again, where they ought to be; before they are irretrievably lost.

Stilly Saying Still Lives.
The saying that fish is the best brain food comes of an old long tongue windbag years ago saying: "Thought is impossible without phosphorus." So a Swiss chemist, knowing that fish contained phosphorus, put two and two together and brought forth a saying that will never die.

Salts the Cynic.
Character is like money; when you have a great deal, you may risk some; for, if you lose it, folk will still believe you have plenty to spare.

The First Thimble.

The thimble of plain sewing was invented in the year 1684 by a gallant young Dutch goldsmith of Amsterdam, who devised the "thumb-bell"—for this was its original name—in order to protect his sweetheart's thumb tips when she was engaged with a needle and cotton. The "thumb bell" has, however, become a "finger-bell," but its shape only little change has taken place in it since the loving Hans placed the first thimble on the thumb of this lady love.

Cannon Balls of Stone and Iron.
Stone bullets were used until the year 1514 when they were supplanted by iron. It was near the close of the sixteenth century before leaden bullets were generally adopted. Stone cannon balls are yet used in some of the eastern countries.

Do One's Best.
We cannot avoid meeting great issues. All that we can determine for ourselves is, whether we shall meet them well or ill.—Theodore Roosevelt.

Small Millions of Years Old.

A petrified prehistoric snail embedded in the heart of a large piece of blue lias stone, was discovered a few days ago by quarrymen working at Cheddar Cliffs, Wales, upon some large boulders of stone which were displaced in the landslide which occurred some years ago. The discovery is distinctly interesting to the geologists on account of the great age of the find, as, situated upon a very low strata, it must be millions of years since the snail lived.

Avoid All Evasion.
Evasions are employed either to avoid speaking the truth or performing a good action. Hence, a lover of the real and true, as well as the tender-hearted and benevolent, hold them in direct and unspokeable abhorrence.

Utilized Spare Time.
"One can accomplish much by utilizing spare moments." "That's right. That tall girl yonder has read seven summer novels this season while she was dummy at bridge."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Nellie Saw the Light

"You keep perfectly quiet, Nellie," spoke her little mother, somewhat irritably. "And let me comb your hair. It's a shame and disgrace. I just wonder where you little girls get your hair all matted up like this. What in the world do you do?"

Nellie winced as the comb caught a rebellious hair and straightened out a kink. From time to time she whimpered during the ordeal.

"Unless you keep your hair combed out nicely," said the little mother, "you'll lose it all, and then you'll be bald when the other little girls have long braids. How would you like that?"

Nellie thought a bit. Then she saw the point.

"That must be the reason," she mused. "Dr. Rybak hasn't any hair, I guess he didn't have his hair combed when he was a little boy."

ing it pulled out by too enthusiastic a teacher.

The Queer Argan Tree.
Among the most remarkable trees of the world is the argan, which abounds in southern Morocco, but is seldom seen elsewhere. A "forest" of argans has a curious scattered appearance, because the trees grow singly and far apart. They are very leafy, but seldom exceed twenty feet in height. The branches put out horizontally, and begin a yard above the ground. Sheep, cattle and camels feed on the leaves, and goats will stand on their hind legs to reach them, but horses and mules refuse to touch them.

The wood is very hard and extremely useful to the natives, who make charcoal from it. The fruit, resembling a large olive, is used to feed cattle and to manufacture a valuable oil. It also furnishes the principal sustenance of many of the poorer natives.—Scientific American.

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